TWO THINGS RATHER HIGH.

F. A. ELWELL,

Manager of the Cyclists' Touring Club.

A TERRIER BROUGHT TO TERMS.

son and Remember.

not take a bath.

At last I hit upon a new device. With-

deliberately turned my head aside. This state of things continued for a week or ten

days, and the poor animal looked wretched and forlorn. There was evidently a conflict

going on within him, which told visibly on his outward appearance.

roughest ablutions it had ever been his lot

o experience. After the washing was over,

A YOUNG TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

A Child's Simple Question Causes

Drunkard to Reform.

the entire region round about was discussing

the matter with the volubility which is ens-

tomary on such occasions. The next morning as the now sober husband was leaving

by the 4-year-old offspring of his next-door neighbor. Looking right up into the red

—, did you get drunk last night, and push Mrs. — and Charlie into the street?"

For a moment there was silence, and the

two or three bystanders who heard the

childish query, expected the man to swear

at the little one. Then the great big, ill-

smelling, but penitent drunkard, stooped

down, picked up the child and kissed him

on the forehead. "Yes," he said, and his

voice was broken, his eyes filled to over-

flowing with tears, "I was drunk, and I was

be again." He sought his wife and child,

secured forgiveness, signed a total ab-stinence pledge, and now bids fair to be a

he yesterday placed an elaborately execu-

ted and beautifully framed copy of that

CAESAR'S PROUD BOAST.

His Wife Overheard it and His Pride Had a

Great Fall.

departure she at length, as he thought, re-

claimed, "I am determined to be Cæsar in

Just as he and his friend were beginnin

Livingston De Peyster's Denth Knell.

the bell and ordered refreshments.

well known passage of scripture:

little child shall lead them.'

Scottish American.l

On the mantel in his parlor

"And a

a brute, but, God helping me, I never will

face of the sot, the younger said:

house to go to work, he was met at the gate

days together?

Toledo Blade.1

ish Islands.

Youths' Companion.

BELLE OF THE BRONX.

How a Very Pretty Oarsgirl Manages to Always Look Attractive.

HER COMPLEXION NOT IN DANGER.

Some of the Funny Episodes Seen by Pair Female Bargain Hunters.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH, 1

NEW YORK, August 31. RONX'S, Boating Belle. Let that be the print for her real name, which the reader wouldn't recognize, anyhow, for it is not that of a famously rich or fashionable family. The Bronx is called a river, but it is only a creek, just out of tewn to the northward, and some of

its lazy stretches are shaded into absolute seclusion by bordering trees and shrubbery. Our oarsgirl is a pretty creature, as gentle as any Gwendolen, yet sinewy and strong; and it is curious to see how she endeavors to get the advantages of outdoor exercise without losing her aspects of weak femininity. She has brothers who row in knitted shirts, so scant that their arms are bare to the tops of their shoulders, and she follows their fashion so far as to wear a sleeveless jersey waist. It fits her figure nicely, and is a clever adaptation, too, for it looks as though it didn't girt her waist in the least. Nor does it. But be it known that a corset -a very pliable one, yet still a corset-is nuderneath that outer envelope. Her hands are protected from callousness and abrasions by so# gloves, which reach to her elbows. Therefore, when she drops the oars of her summer outing, and takes up the fan of her winter inning, it will be with

PINCERS TAPER AS EVER.

and palms as soft. Besides, she can dor elbow sleeves, these August evenings, and show the most delicate of forearms. How about the bare skin betwixt shoulders and elbows, you ask? Ah! There is cleverness. She is bound to row with her biceps in view, as her brothers do, and she is proud of the muscles that raise the smooth flesh at each stroke; but she wouldn't like to expose, at her first autumnal ballroom resppearance, arms as tanned as sunburn would naturally leave them. So she has obtained a recipe, in which the principal ingredients are cocca butter, bismuth and lemon juice, obliterating the tan in a single week During the nights of that period she wil sleep with upper arms smeared with the unquent, in order to bleach away the brown hich is now one of the charms of her sight liness in a boat.

But of all the sports known to women outdoors or indoors, city or country, none is pursued with greater zest by its than that of bargain hunting. And of all the year round, now is the time for it, so far as New York City is concerned. The retail business is naturally dull in August, and, in order to clear out old stock to make roon tor September's new goods, merchants seek to enliven trade by loading their bargain counters attractively. Women come in from the near watering places to

HUNT FOR BARGAIN GAME.

Tourists indulge in the sport, and others to whom the saving of money is really of account throng the stores. These latter frugal women are rather disdained by the former pleasurable ones, just as pot hunters millionaire ever got more satisfaction from trout than a satin-hound downger can derive from the catching of a dime bargain. She will spend a dollar in car-fares, and almost soak her old head off with perspiration, in hunting down her small game. Well, it is all right. The bargains are thus valuable to the poor, delightful to the rich, and profitable to the dealer. There is occasionally a mighty funny episode too. In the midst of the retail shopping district is a luncheon restaurant for women. It is jammed full during the middle hours of the day. On a central counter this week are niled haroning in cakes, tarts orullars sandwiches and eclairs. They are "marked down," not because they are shopworn or out of fashion, but through the proprietor's desire to whoop up his trade. It is a sight to see the crowd of women around that counter, peering close at the viands, sniffthem, poking them with their fingers, and treating them as though they were articles to wear rather than to swallow, They don't propose to be fooled, you know, SHE FORGOT SOMETHING.

"Are these doughnuts fresho" an old lady asked, denting one of them with her gloved "They're this morning's bake," the pert girl clerk replied.

"Sure?" and the bargain hunter took "Certain, ma'am," was the curt answer.

"It seems rather hard," and the lady cautiously bit it.

"It's a perfectly fresh cruller."
"O, I thought 'twas a doughnut."

No. It might be considered hard for a doughnut, but it is soft enough for a

"But I don't want a cruller," and the shopper laid it down. She turned away, and then the salesgirl ealled after her: "Madam-madam-don't

you want your teeth?"

A full set of false teeth, with a gold plate attached, were left stuck in the cruller. The lady did want them, and in a tremend-ous hurry; but think of the bargain somebody else might otherwise have found in that hunk of fried dough! As it was, I presume the restaurant man had to mark it down still lower on account of the damage that the bite had done to it.

HOW BOOMS ARE MADE.

A dramatic critic showed to me one day's heap of letters that had accumulated on his desk. I had remarked to him that it was a shame how the newspapers gave publicity to the smallest doings of actresses, and how the ladies must be annoyed by it. There-fore he let me read the chance collection of missives, and among them were not less than a dozen cool requests by actressessome of them renowned, and none quite un-known to iame—that he should print para-graphs which they inclosed. Among these ras one telling of the writer's grief at the loss of a pet dog, another narrating an accident by which an almost fatal dose of poison was taken, a third disclosed the constructive secrets of feminine apparel, a fourth was to give currency to a matrimonial scandal involving the correspondent herself, and so on through the lot. It was a revelation to me of the anxiety amounting almost to voof actresses to be exploited in Right in the face of this knowledge, but with the excuse that Letty Lind and Sylvia Grey have gone back to London, there to stay a year or two at least, I am going to tell a story which, if they were still performing in this country, I should not write for fear

GOT THERE, JUST THE SAME.

of serving an advertising purpose.

The London Burlesque Company, in which these gyrators made us acquainted with "skirt dancing," was at the Standard Theater. The town's contingent of addle-pated mashers had deserted the comic operas and flocked to this new allurement. That degree of adulation was new to Sylvin and Letty, whose London vogue had been com-paratively insignificant, but they did not permit themselves to be dazed by it, and the Johnnies—that is the London nickname for dudes who dangle after actresses—were held did report, to eredit alike off from familiar approach. The fact was

that both the dansueses were already conjugally attached, and were, therefore, incligible to American wooing. One irrepressi-ble fellow, whose name it is best not to give, persisted until he obtained an interview with them. He was then and there in-formed that it wasn't any sort of use to waste his time in seeking an acquintance because positively they would not know him. One evening, not long thereafter, the orchestra leader was ill and absent. The first violinist was to take his place in the high seat and conduct the musical portions of the burlesque. The "Johnny" had be-come friendly with Fred Leslie, the comedian of the company, and it was through him, along with the expenditure of some SCHEMES OF ACTEESSES FOR BOOMS money, that the skirt dancers were treated

AN ASTOUNDING SURPRISE.

When they came out to dance they found in the temporary conductor none other than the unconquerable "Johnny" himself. Of may not have known anything about leasing an orchestra, but he could make motions with the baton, while the well-drilled musicians played as usual, and he had the supreme satisfaction of bobbing up serenely right in front of those two London charmers, where he could even talk to them while they danced, and they couldn't either sauce him back or fly from him. "And what did it lead to?" was asked of

Comedian Leslie, who gave the particulars to a friend of mine. "Nothing at all, I think," was the reply "I shouldn't have been surprised if the ladies had abandoned their policy of repulsion, in consequence of his unprecedented exploit, but he seemed to be satisfied with that adventurous climax, and never tried to

go near them again." Did it strike you that the four murderers who were hanged in the Tombs last week were all killers of women? And if so, did you speculate upon the probability of their punishment being a deterrent of brutal men who maltreat their wives and sweethearts? Cynthia Leonard is a bright and active feminine theorist, as you may already know, and it occurred to her to question the four condemned brutes as to whether they were more ashamed of having slain women than f their victims had been of their own sex. She did not find them productive of theories on the subject, and had to content herself with obtaining the briefest replies. Still they are well worth publishing.

MEANT AS A COMPLIMENT.

Packenham had cut his wife's throat. "I'm sorry I killed anybody," he said, "but I guess I'd be sorrier if 'twas a man, because men are of more use than wome Carolin had chopped his ostensible wife to death. "I killed nobody," he obdurately maintained, "but would I be more ashamed if I had killed a woman than a man? No, I do not think so." Nolan had shot a matrimonial partner, and he said: "Every man oughter be polite to women. But they're exasperating. They get killed because they're tormentors." Lewis was a negro. He had jealously slain his sweet-heart. "I dunno exactly what you mean," he said. When it was explained that his ides of the extra strocity of murdering a woman was desired, he remarked: "Well, I guess it's a compliment to a gal when a jealous man kills her. I ain't jokin' boss,' for the questioner was a man who under-took the errand; "a man don't shoot his girl unless he loves her, does he?" There is sentimental philosophy for you. We ought to feel complimented when men murder us. CLARA BELLE.

BOARDED BY A SWORDFISH.

A Vessel's Crew Nearly Frightened to Death by an Ocean Mouster.

He was a sailor and talked of swordfish. "Many years ago," said he, "swordfish were a rarity. To-day I read in the paper of a vessel arriving at Portland with 20,000 pounds of swordfish. Ever had any experience with them, Captain?"

"Yes, once. I'll give it to you," and he continued: "Blue water got distasteful to me, once on a time. A hard rub in a gale on a long trip around the Cape and a lonesome welcome home made me sick. I got out of it. Couldn't keep out, though, so I are despised by true sportsmen, and no took one of these bobtail schooners for a load of Pictou coal in the early days when opened up at Pictou. She was a despisable craft after what I had been having, and I didn't hold far off the coast, and we was a running through Casco Bay. It was dark but starlit, and I got tired o' the deck and so I called up the mate and turned in below. I had been down about an hour when I woke.

Up on deck was a thumpin', and a rappin' and a crashin'.
"Hollo, Cap'n!" came back the answer, "some blanked kind of a craft has boarded

"Call the hands!" yelled I, as I slipped into my clothes and bunted here and there. After awhile I got on deck and so did a light, and there right in the middle of the deck lay a swordfish half as long as our craft, as it seemed to me. How his eyes shone. They looked like two junk bottles and stuck way out of his head. Everybody stood back. "Gimme room," said I, and I grabbed a caps an bar and moved along to his side. His old eyes gland at me as I treed his side. His old eyes glared at me as I stood at one side and drew back the bar. I was strong in those days, but I didn't know my prey. I let him have one right between the eyes with a blow that would have killed an that monster darted here and the ing and tearing and ripping. When he came

In an instant the air was full of sword-i. In two seconds he had cleared that deck of men who scrambled every way, as to a halt we attacked him again, and for ten minutes there was the liveliest little fight between fish and man that I ever saw or heard of. He tore everything, but we laid him out. In the side of the house was a hole where he had boarded us, the sword having stuck through my cabin. He had tried to jump over us in the night; pos-

sibly taking us for a big whale.
"We had sword-fish boiled; baked; broiled; fried; stewed; steamed, smothered until I can't see a piece without it makes me weary.

PED BY HIS PELINE PRIEND.

How a Hungry Dog Got His Dinner Without Stealing It. Boston Courier.;

One dog story always leads to another, and he who has told one is as a matter of course expected to follow it up with a second. Therefore to the story told last week the editor is constrained by immemorial custom to add the following:

A lady who has a superb tawny St. Bernard relates that at one period in his career Bruno had a warm attachment for a black cat. Puss was accustomed to sleep upon the dog's great yellow head, and the pair are described as looking very picturesque

On one occasion the cook was more than usually busy, and having boiled the dog's dinner and set it to cool, she forgot to give it to him. Poor hangry Bruno bore it in silence for some time, and even went to the unusual length of begging a little for his delayed dinner, but all to no avail. At length the cook went out of the kitchen, leaving the pot of meat on the stool. A servant who was in the next room saw Bruno go up to it, put his nose over the edge, and whine hungrily, but without attempting to take anything out. He evidently struggled with himself but he finally conquered the temptation, and retired to the other side of the room, where he lay down all alert to exit from Switzerland; while others of the watch for the coming again of the cook.

The black cat, who had seen all this, evi-

dently thought that the time had now come for her to interiere. She jumped upon the stool where the pot of meat was sitting, fished out a big bone, and carrying it across the kitchen, dropped it at Bruno's feet. The dog evidently felt that to hesitate any lon-

CYCLISTS IN EUROPE

A Description of the Touring Club Run From Paris to Zurich.

The American Party Makes a Display of Its Patriotism.

SWISS CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS

THE HISTORIC CASTLE OF CHILLON

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.I ZURICH. August 17 .- Our party of 27 reached this hospitable city in good order vesterday afternoon, and we are comfortably quartered at the Hotel Bellevue, with the Stars and Stripes floating above its roof. The journey hither from Paris has been made in a leisurely way and has proved one of unmixed entertainment and enjoyment throughout. The landscape and scenery we have encountered, both in France and Switzerland, have recalled many a fragment of memories from torgotten picture galleries, and wherever we have passed, both townspeople and peasantry have vied in showing us invariable kindness and courtesy. To quote the expression of one of our party,

The trip from Paris to Zurich has been

one continuous picnic." There was a great crowd gathered before the Hotel de la Tamise, in the Rue d' Alger, to bid us good-bye, as we bade adieu to Paris a short time ago. Baron Selly and Mr. and Mrs. Wethinger, the latter two mounted on a "tandem safety," had kindly offered us their escort as far as Fontainebleau, and quite a number of the Paris wheelmen also accompanied our calvacade to that point, making a jolly party that wheeled up at noon time at Nemours for lunch. Mounting again at 2 P. M., with fine weather and a splendid road, we passed during the after-noon, the historic "King's Tables," entered and traversed a section of the grand old forest, and reached Fontainebleau about 5 P. M., where we remained over the following day, Sunday, sight seeing and visiting the

famous chateau. WHEELMEN ON THE ROAD. Fontainebleau was, for the time, full o infantry summoned to rifle practice, and the town was alive with concerts, carrousels, hurdy-gurdys, and all manner of holiday entertainments, so that we were not sorry to leave. Finding the main highway closed on account of the military operations, we made a detour on leaving next morning, and afterward regaining the post-road, made a straight pull for Sens, which was reached in four hours' time. The remainder of the day was passed in visiting the historic old church and in general sight-seeing. It may be mentioned here that the President of the Fontainebleau Bicycle Club accompanied us as far as this point, having with him a friend mounted on a tricycle. This latter gentleman furnished us the only real laugh

we had had since leaving Paris, by suddenly and unaccountably taking a "header" over the roadside and landing in the ditch. over the roadside and landing in the ditch.

From Sens, via Joigny, to Tonnere, we had a level country and fine roads, so that some six of the party, Kirk, Brinsmade, White, Shannon, Levy and Schneider, determined to go in for a "century" run, and, in spite of a strong head wind, they accomplished it, running back from Joigny, after lunch, to Sens, then forward again through Joigny and on to Tonnere, making a run of

106 miles in a day of ten hours. We passed a pleasant night and forenoon at Tonnere, chatting with many of the townspeople, who were very sociable and kind, and, after lunch, pushed on to Montbard, which was reached about 5 P. M. After visiting the ruins of the chateau and discussing an excellent dinner, our party, all of whom felt infused with

THE PATRIOTIC SPIRIT. gathered in front of the hotel and sang "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," and other national songs. In ten minutes' time the street was so packed with people, a swarming mass of good-natured and demonstrative listeners, that it was impossible for a vehicle to pass. Suddenly one of the party happening to call for the "Marseillaise," a citoyen mounted a cask, com-menced "Allons enfants de la patrie" in the most approved style, and the immense crowd enthusiastically joined in the chorus. Then, in turn, some Frenchman in the crowd who was posted cried "Chantez Yankee Doodle," whereupon our boys com

menced the good old familiar strain, and it was applauded to the echo. The next morning our cavalcade went gaily out of Montbard, the bicycles pro-fusely decorated with red, white and blue ribbons, and every small boy in town following us as long as his legs would carry him. We kept together, singing the national airs in chorus as we whizzed across the country, and every one of us thinking lovingly of home. At St. Seine, where we we found the hotel dining-room profusely decorated with the Stars and Stripes and the tricolor in honor of our arrival. A pleasant incident was a little speech by Mr. Esterbrook, who proposed the health of the President of the United States, and followed it up with some timely remarks. Just at this juncture one of our party, Roseboom, who had had a fall a few miles up the road and been obliged to come in apart, was carried in triumphantly on the stalwart shoulders of Higgins, Brins made, Leavey and Cake, and received with vociferous chorus of "He's a jolly good

We reached the Burgundian capital, Dijon, between 4 and 5 in the afternoon where arrangements had been made for a banquet at the Hotel de la Cloche. The room was handsomely decorated with our own and French flags, the menu and wines were excellent, and a genuine American lemonade was provided for the prohibitionist members of the party. The health of the President was drunk standing, and appropriate speeches were made by Messrs Hicks, Beals and Wilson.

Next day we visited the museum, the cathedral, the park and other beautiful sights of the city, and in the afternoon pushed on to Dole, where we were hand-somely entertained by a fellow bicyclist. formerly of Dijon, who now owns a concert hall at Dole. Next day we rode leisurely in the afternoon to Poligny where we had a night of horrors, with swarms of bedbugs, some of them as large as a soft-shelled crab. It is a wonder some of them didn't try to mount the machines and ride off with them! As it was we all had to sleep on the floor with our clothes on, and we shook off the dust of Poligny next day, vowing never to

We lunched at Champagnole, and as it was Sunday, great crowds of sightseers col-lected about us. That afternoon we reached Norez, "coasting" down hill the entire distance for the last five miles, without touching a foot to the pedal. Here we had our first glimpse of the glorious scenery of the Juras. Next morning we had an uphill walk of eight miles to the Swiss frontier, which we passed at Les Rousses.

SOMEWHAT OF A DIFFERENCE. Who shall explain the mysteries of Custom House duties? Some of our party were required to deposit 20 francs duty each on their bioveles, receiving therefor a receip on which the amount would be refunded to them by the customs office at their point of party simply rode by the Custom House at Les Rousses, unhailed or unmolested in any way whatever. Curious people these Cus-tom House officials wherever you find

We found the Swiss roads equally good with those in France. Just after passing Fancille, a magnificent view, embracing the dog evidently felt that to hesitate any longer would be flying in the face of Providence, and be tell upon the bone ravenously, while puss, with the most evident consciousness of having done a ciever thing, rubbed herself purring against his great tawny sides.

All this the servant saw, and in due time did report, to credit alike of the reputation of the dog and of the cat.

Fancille, a magnificent yiew, embracing the city and lake of Geneva and the distant Alps beyond, elicited general exclamations of surprise and delight. Passing on through Gex, we reached Geneva about noon and were soon duly installed in our quarters at the Hotel de la Poste, where we remained as guests for two days. We were hospitably entertained at the Casino, on the second evening of our stay, by M. Brouel. chief Consul of the Geneva bicycle fra-Then came a delightful trip by steamer or

Then came a delightful trip by steamer on the piacid and picturesque Lake Leman, which brought us to the historic castle of Chillon, where we spent a couple of hours inspecting the interior of that venerable pile, including the dark cellar in which Bonivard passed so many weary years of imprisonment. Mr. Higgins, whose "Kodiak" is seldom idle, used this opportunity to jump into a small boat and obtain a capital photograph of the cas le from the water-side. Shirley Dare Treats of a Topic Interesting to the Fair Sex.

THE PROFIT IN PACE POWDERS. Decayed Gentlewomen Who Make Money

by Preparing Face Lotions. POOR PAY FOR NEWSPAPER WORK

We wheeled that night, via Villeneuve to Aigle, where we lodged, moving on next morning to Chateau d'Oex. At Gambullez, where we halted for lunch, the aubergiste gravely informed us that his house was located 5,000 feet above the sea level, which, when we came to see our bill, was evidently interest and account of the control of the c (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) With nearly 200 letters to answer, I packed them sacredly and fled to the when we came to see our bill, was evidently intended as a preliminary explanation of the corresponding height attained by his prices. At Chateau d'Oex, we had a beautiful view of the moon rising above the mountains, and after a good night's rest arrived at Thun next day in time for lunch. wilderness. Life is short, letters are long. If "man is immortal till his work is done." as the school mottoes used to tell us, life insurance may be dispensed with for some time to come in the present case. Whether The road thence along the lake shore, plenall the homely women travel in summer tifully interspersed with tunnels, was novel and extremely picturesque, and we reached the Jungfrau Hotel, at Interlaken, with ap-petites that made mine host open his eyes and the good looking stay at home, or not, I think some thousands of the former, all freckles, eye teeth and deep leathery wrinkles have gone on the same railroads wide with surprise.

Thence we went into Lauterbrunnen, vis-If one were a cosmetic Consuelo, it would ited the two cascades, and ascended the mountains by a walk of 31/2 hours to Murbe a temptation to take a van, like the quack venders, and travel from town to ren, remaining there over Sunday. The day was rainy—the first unpleasant weather town, applying freckle washes, face bleaches and wrinkle pastes. What hosts we had encountered since leaving Oxford for a whimsical genius, and what a missix weeks before—and the party gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to re-main indoors, reading, entering up their notebooks, and writing letters to their friends sionary work in general? To our correspondents at once.

It is out of the question to answer all letat home.

To morrow night we shall pass at the Falls ters which desire private reply, were time and strength given up to them. Still those wishing personal letters should at least risk To morrow night we shall pass at the Falls of the Rhine, and thence go on through the Black Forest, to Strasburg, Baden-Baden, Heidelberg, Wiesbaden, Coblenz, Cologne and Rotterdam, at which latter point our party will break up, some taking ship for home, and others proceeding to different destinations on the Continent or in the British Lange. stamps on the chance, for if the answer to their inquiries is not worth postage to them, it can't be worth taking the time for. A letter was lately received from Ireland, imploring directions for removing personal blemishes, in heart-burning terms, but the evidently well educated writer quite overooked ocean postage.

WORTHY OF HER HIRE. Story That Proves That a Dog Can Rea-If people imagine that authors write be cause they are good for nothing else, it will do to remind them that this may be true of Mrs. E. Picton had a Skye terrier, which a good many writing folk, but those who manifested a strong aversion to being washed. In time this aversion increased to make the truest success of writing are usually capable of making more money in comsuch a degree that the servants refused to mon business. Mr. Isaac Bromley wrote perform the ablutions, being afraid to do so the wittiest articles, political and otherwise, on account of the ferocity evinced by the for the Tribune years ago, at \$5,000 a year. dog on such occasions. Mrs. Picton herself Times changed and the salary was reduced, was unwilling to undertake the office, for a year or two, when that was thought too much. Mr. Bromley left newspaper work though the animal was passionately at-tached to his mistress, such was his hor-ror of the bath that even she was not safe. and took a railroad office at a salary of \$10,-000, where he is considered well worth the sum. So a newspaper man told me. I know Threats, beating and starving were of no avail. He was determined; he would a newspaper woman, very bright and cute, whom the jealousy of unscrupulous women whom the jeatousy or unscruptions women writers without half her talent at anything but lying, edged off the Boston press into other business, where she is able to clear \$60 a week, which is thrice more than any of her out curtailing his liberty in any way, I gave him to understand, by taking no notice of him, that he had offended me. He was usually the companion of my walks, but now I refused to let him accompany me. On returning home, I took no notice of his derivals are doing. Two or three women I de-clined to help lorward in the crowded field of newspaper work—your thanks, if you please, Messieurs editors—were wroth with me until they found themselves substanmonstrative welcome, and if he came look-ing up at me for caresses when I was en-gaged either in reading or needlework. I tially placed in other work, with three times the salary they could possibly hope for in journalism. So please inquire within your-selves if \$10 a day is a very moderate price for an author's time, who could make five times as much outside of newspapers, and if a letter of advice often takes hours of study and writing, isn't that reply worth postage?

Then one morning he crept quietly up to me, and gave me a look which said as plainly as words could have done, "I can stand it no longer; I submit." And submit he did, quietly and patiently, to one of the REAL NAMES NECESSARY. Another rule which writers soon find themselves forced to observe, is never to notice letters without the writer's real name and address. It is not remarkable that he bounded to me with a joyous bark and women do not wish to sign some of the silly women do not wish to sign into the waste basket.

usual joyous demeanor. When the time for the next bath came Women are queer about their own interround, the old spirit of obstinacy revived, est often. For instance, one writer pa ically deplores a disfigurement of face and but a single look at my averted countenance person, which she fears will render her an was sufficient for him, and he again subobject of dislike to the husband whom she is nitted without a murmur. Why should we hesitate to ascribe a reasoning faculty to an animal in which a struggle between opposing desires could thus be carried on for but to do so, she says, will be to break her own heart. She has found a proprietary emedy which entirely removes the defect in a most satisfactory way, but she grudges the price, and comes to me to tell her how to reach the same effect for nothing. Now, here is a defect which is likely to cost her future happiness, and a safe remedy whose virtue she knows. Does she ever balance the two things and ask herself whether she One of the best and most effective temperwould rather let her life's hopes and affections go, or pay even \$100 to be without blemish, and happy? If good looks and ance lectures I ever heard of was delivered down in South Washington last week. A bookkeeper for one of the largest bardware contentment with one's self and the gain of firms in the city has been drinking very a husband are not worth a dozen bottles of heavily of late, and his spree culminated on lepilatory, even at \$3 a bottle, the price of Friday night, when he turned his wife and a silk gown, they can't be worth troubling about, and I decline to spoil other people's child out of doors. They remained at a profits. neighbor's house all night, and of course

THE COST OF COSMETICS.

The papers have had a good deal to say about the price of certain cosmetics in pro-portion to the cost of material. To be consistent, they should attack all articles sold by druggists, for it has long been one of the proverbs of trade that no business was more rofitable than the sale of drugs. The story as gone from Maine to California about the orwood druggist near Boston who put up a lotion for a friend, charging 25 cents. "See here," says the buyer, "you needn't spoil trade like that, if you are friends with me. The last time I had that lotion put up in town, they charged me \$1.25." "I guess I won't suffer." said the druggist, dryly. "I only made 24 cents on the bottle."

They say the drug trade has gone down since then and doesn't make so much money, but it is pertinent to say that the cost of bare material is usually the least item in cosmetics or medicines. People leave out the rent of buildings to manufacture and sell them in, the cost of the mere putting up, clerk hire and advertising, which often costs more than all other expenses put together. Put these things together, and a medicine or a cosmetic at \$1 a bottle will be no more expensive than a sewing machine, or a hay cutter, or a pound of fine cheese. It is odd how people weekly pay charges in a dozen directions for necessaries of life. which they

GRUDGE BITTERLY for the essentials of refinement, which no A Scotch minister was sorely kept under body compels them to buy at all. The law by his "better hall," who placed him and of trade is that necessaries of food and com-fort are to be sold as near cost as possible, his friends on very short allowance. On one occasion he had a visit from an old acquaintand profits made from luxuries which people can buy or go without, as seems good. ance and after patiently waiting for his wife's Yet we are every one of us paying 8 cents a pound for the hundred weights of sugar used yearly, when the Scientific American tired for the night. She had no sooner left than the hen-pecked husband exultingly extells us sugar can be raised at a profit in Kansas for 11/4 cents a pound. Borax had my own house!" and at the same time rang been sold contentedly for years at 8 cents per pound, when it suddenly took a jump to 20 cents, a year or two ago, and I suppose because it is as plenty and cheap as sand in the Western States. Copperas, the best to enjoy themselves "my lady" (who had overheard her unfortunate lord's boastful ejaculation) popped her head in at the door and said firmly, "Cæsar, come to bed!" disinfectant for family use, costs a few mills a pound, but we pay at least 8 cents. The than their cosmeties in proportion to the expense to manufacture and putting on the market. Curiosity led me to look into these

things lately. It is quite the thing lately for women of fashion to get their cosmetics from private hands, from some clever gentlewoman who prepares her own special recipes. Her preparations go by worth, not show. The bottles are not manufactured for her, or put up in charming boxes. They are as likely to come in old sarsaparilla or salad bottles,

WITHOUT MUCH SATIN RIBBON tied on the corks. But the generous bottles and sumblers, with directions in delicate and tumblers, with directions in delicate handwriting, are more prized by the possessors than all the limoge and engraved glass of the wholesale mixtures. You can put them into the limoge bottles and Carlsbad jewel glass, you know, for yourself. A cosmetic has to be good to sell in such a way. But by the time the maker sees her street. poor smoke! No hole-no draw. Plunk him, Wanital-Judga

to recommend to distressed gentlewomen this making cosmetics. I know one lady who makes them, and very good ones, too, in the intervals of household work, and ekes out a slender income, but she prefers jelly-making for profits. Like newspapers, the cosmetic business is only profitable in a

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. E.—"What is the benefit of massage treatment, and how is it given? Is it good for the complexion?" Massage is not rubbing the body merely, as people think, but kneading and working the muscles by another person. The limbs and muscles of the trunk are grasped, pressed and moved with the same motion as kneading bread. The effect is to stir and equalize the circulation, relieve congestion and stimulate functions. In abort, it is exercise taken second hand, and much in favor with persons who object to any personal exertion. It brightens the skin, just as rubbing does, but its benefits are not to be compared with those of bodily effort, where one is not in an invalid state, and is capable of exercise. The contraction of our muscles by the force of one's own will and nerves is the only way to gain strength. tion of our muscles by the force of one's own will and nerves is the only way to gain strength and sound circulation. Passive exercise by massage will never develop sound muscles, or prove more than a temporary stimulus. It aids the system like a crutch, and like it, is to be dispensed with whenever possible.

J. V., Camden—The lotion you mention is safe and excellent. It softens the skin and keeps off sunburn and pimples. I don't know any Philadelphia cosmetic artists, but suppose they advertise.

any Philadelphia cosmetic artists, but suppose they advertise.

N. P.—"I like to look very pale. What have I got to take? I do not like powder." Eat alate pencils, chalk, clay and arsenic wafers and you will be pale enough before the fooj-killer comes round to you. To turn your blonde hair white, try javelle water, and repent it the rest of your life.

Inquirer—The Franch rocks.

nair white, try javelle water, and repent it the rest of your life.

Inquirer—The French recipe for preventing wrinkles is harmless. Boil the white of four eggs in half pint of rose water, add half an ounce powdered alum and the same of sweet almond oil, beating all to a paste. It is better than henzoin recipes. To soften the skin, after using it, try cacan butter; 5 cents worth from the druggist's will last a long time. To darken gray hair burn peach stones to charcoal, powder fine with two parts of bruised gall nuts, and boil in white wine. Or bruise one ounce of gall auts, and put in a pint of strong white wine vinegar with two ounces of iron flings. Boil half away, strain and bottle. Use either liquid by dipping a comb in it and combing the hair till quite wet, sitting in the sun barehoaded half an hour after. Don't cut your hair. Read Naphey's "Physical Lafe of Woman."

man."

Carrie B.—Champagne will sometimes bleach the hair. To change commonplace brown hair "to a warmer tinge" infuse fresh saffron in rosemary tincture and steep the hair in it by wetting welf and covering at night within olled silk cap to prevent evaporation. Put one small handful of saffron in a pint of tincture. This is antirely safe. handrif of safety is entirely safe.

Daisy Deane,—Don't pull out superfluous hair. Nothing is worse, as they grow again coarser. Try touching each hair with a wooden toothpick dipped in the strongest lye, taking care not to touch the skin. Shirley Dare.

AN ACTOR OF LONG AGO. Talk With a Tragedian Who Went on the Stage in 1814.

Philadelphia Inquirer.1 "I was on the stage in 1814." Thus spoke Edwin S. Connor, the aged

tragedian. As the great, deep, stage voice rolled slowly forth those words the reporter felt like a young sapling in the presence of an overtowering oak of humanity. It was not alone the voice that rolled. A grand old head rolled on its axis above a splendid form, erect and tall. The eyes rolled slowly, and had that fixity of expression acquired by gazing at far distant wonders in the field of thought. Heavy brows knitted a great cloud of countenance, giving shade to mental sight of things far off. The capacious, square forehead bulged with wis-dom at the temples. Many clear-cut lines marked out the features of the face, chiseled there, it seemed, by sculptors, those great dramatists whose noblest characters, acted by the famed tragedian, had left their im-press on this face before the reader's eye. It was a face that sparkled with the light of humor. The corners of the mouth curving upward, told of virtuous living and thinking. In planetary volume this charac-ter seemed to roll on around the orbit of its

80 years, the age of Edwin S. Connor. Such would have been the impression of anyone as the venerable tragedian fixed his vision on his childhood days in Philadelphia, and soon to marry. She has been minded to with interesting reminiscences, fresh humor, break off the engagement on this account, the thousands he used to relate from the

fund that made him famous for his storytelling.
"It was down at the theater at Fourth and South streets, now turned into a distillery. It was in 'The Desolate Island.' There was a monkey in the play. The monkey had a great deal to do with a child.

This was the beginning of the actor's stage life. He afterward acted the greatest as well as the least of nearly all the character in the classic dramas of his century, and was noted for a versatility that could portray Richelieu and minstrel song and dance parts with equal ease.

STRANGE ACTIONS OF ANIMALS.

They Seem Able to Foretell the Coming of an Earthquake. Youths' Companion.

The lower animals are said to be greatly terrified by earthquakes, and their excitement beforehand is sometimes sufficient to foretell the event. No doubt they know well enough that something terrible is taking place. Prof. Milne, a student of volcanic phenomena, has recently given various instances of their behavior at such times. During the Tokio earthquake of 1880 cats ran about the houses trying to escape; foxes barked, and horses attempted to kick down the boards confining them in their stables. In the Lisbon earthquake of 1749 roach and other fish in a canal showed signs of confusion and fright, and fish have or less, we are to make the most and best of een known, after an earthquake, to rise to

the surface dead and dying.

Most interesting of all are the observations showing that animals are disturbed just before a shock. So well-known is this fact that, for a while after the great Calabrian earthquake, the neighing of a horse or the cackle of a goose was sufficient to send the terrified inhabitants flying from their houses, in expectation of another shock. Ponies have been known to prance about their stalls, pheasants to scream, and frogs to cease croaking, a short time before the earth trembled. The Japanese say that moles show their agitation by burrowing.

Birds hide their heads beneath their wings, and behave in an unusual manner. Sometimes immense flocks of sea-birds fly inland

as if alarmed by an oceanic disturbance. Before the shock of 1885, in Chili, all the dogs are said to have escaped from the city of Talcahuano. The most probable explanation of this ap-parent foreknowledge is that animals are sensitive to the slight tremors which precede nearly all earthquakes. Moreover, in volcanic districts poisonous gases sometimes emanate from the ground, and animals are presumed to be unpleasantly affected by

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MUSIC A Disappointed Listener Refuses to Pay th Musician a Cent.

Detroit Free Press.1 The Italian who runs the peanut stand at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street was turning his peanut roaster the other afternoon with slow and measured hand when an old woman came to a halt and carefully observed the operation. After scrutinizing the roaster from every side she finally gave it up and remarked: "No, sir; you don't get a cent out of me for no such music as that! Why, I can't catch half of any of the tunes, and it smells as if something was burning inside!"

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MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

an do is shown by Sarah Althes Hill. She

Of the bad we sing with Menander of all the beasts on earth or ses, the greatest is

It is sometimes said that women are I in individuality. Certain thinkers, Go among the rest, have stoutly maintaine this is their crowning charm, as tastely proves the purity of water, or as training the maintaine that the control of the control shows the quality of glass. The this statement is that it is not tr are all kinds and degrees of fen the statement is that it is not tr are all kinds and degrees of fen the statement is of masculling character. there is of masculinacharact ple of variety of individualit between the extremes mark ing her simbrels, and Cleor wasn: Cornells showing her throne, and Florence throne, the cotoning the crimean war with to deeds. Dr. Alger has well toup of men can be brought to carely contrasted in diversity of the contrast of the cont tle, Perpetua smiling on the lious in the amphi-theater, Pocabontas under the shadow of the primeval woods, St. Thereas in the convent, Madame Reland on the scaffold, De Stael sceptered with a pen, and Mrs. Fry lavishing her existence upon outcasts? Yet these dissimilar women were oreaments of their sex and time. Their diversity is beyond calculation. The difference between men and women does not lie along the line of individuality. We cannot say that individuality is a plus quality in the one and a minus in the other. The difference is to be sought, rather, in intellectual and moral directions. Men and women are two parts of one whole. It takes both to make either. He is strongest in reason and she in sentiment. She Links best through his head, and he feels best through her heart.

One of the Fine Arts. Condolence is a fine art. The best school in which to study it is sympathy. Its golden rule is, put yourself in his place. Often, silence is the most expressive and comforting form of condolence. After the battle of Lepzig, which decided the overthrow of Bonaparte's power, he was sitting at a window in Freiburg, his head he was sitting at a window in Freiburg, his head resting on his arm, in urter despair. Berthier, Marshal and Vice Constable of France, sat opposite to him in a similar state. Neither spoke; and officers who entered were silently ordered, by a wave of the hand, to leave the room. There are griefs which are too deep for utterance. Speech is felt to be as impertinent as would be the chatter of a magple over a coffin. And so as Whittler sings:

With silence only as their benediction, God's angels come, Where, in the shadow of a great affliction, The soul sits dumb.

Ever Continuing to Conquer. The Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, in a recent notable utterance on "The Power of the Gospiel in our National History," shows that despite the manifold and formidable opposition, Christianifold and formidable opposition, Christianifold Sitting in a comfortable chair at the St. Elmo Hotel yesterday Mr. Connor went on in this country now, proportionately to the population, than it had 100 years ago; in spite of the fact that we began with a distinctly skeptical tone in our most distinguished public men, that we have been engaged in wide and eager political discussion, from the first hour to the present, that we have had an enormous material work to do that there has been this immense accumulation of wealth and of all means of pleasure in the country, that we have had the civil war to carry through to its nave had the civil war to carry through to its conclusion, that we have been receiving multitudinous populations from all the earth, heathen and Christian, piling themselves upon us until they have seemed to evershadow and practically overwhelm the original germ of the English. Dutch, German, and Swedish population here. It is, indeed, a remarkable result. It shows that the Gospel of Christia the mightiest moral force on the fee markable result. It shows that the Gospel of Christ is the mightlest moral force on the face of the earth. Men may not accept it. They may say, "Oh, it is the religion of the man in the pulpit. He believes it, perhaps; at any rate he teaches it; but it is nothing to us." Fugitive paragraphs may rage or rattle with skeptical sneers at it. Men of the world may say, "I don't believe it at all, and therefore I don't go to church, or care anything about it." But no man can read the philosophy of the history of this country in the last hundred years without admitting that here, in the Gospel as here proclaimed, is the mightlest moral force which exists on the earth. You may call it a fancy, or a fiction, or a fable, if you choose; no matter. It is the grandest force that has ever yet appealed to an aspiring, intelligent, energetic and courageous people; and the demonstration of it is in the history of this hundred years.

Not an Excuse for Neglect.

Smallness of endowment is no excuse for neglect. Everyone is born with a certain amount of latent capacity. The purpose of the discipline of life is to develop and school this capacity and direct it to wise uses. No matter whether our natural powers be greater what we have. In the parable of the talents Jesus represents the man who, having received but one talent, went and buried it, as being condemned by his Lord. Why? Not because of the slenderness of his bestowment, but because he did not, as the others did, trade with it and improve it. 'Tis a suggestive lesson, applicable always and everywhere. Our capital is health, time, opportunity, culture—whatever gift we possess. These gifts are not to be neglected. They are a sacred trust, Upon our use or abuse of them depends our character—the essential and immortal part of us. When we waste or even fail to use our capital we lay up a loss. When we dedicate it to God and to the help of man we assure for ourselves honor here and happiness forever, Good old Herbert was right when he sang: condemned by his Lord. Why? Not because

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for God's laws,
Makes that and th' action flue.

Some Interesting Statistics

The Year Book of the Congregational Church

will probably be published this month. The returns being all in, the following summary of the statistics is made public: Number of churches, 4,569: number of new churches, 254; gain in number, 165; number of members, 475,-608; added on confession, 25,994; added by let-ter, 19,042; added, total, 45,036; removed by ter, 19,942; added, total, 45,036; removed by death, 7,206; removed, total, 27,417; increase, 18,024; baptisms, aduit, 12,039; baptisms, infant, 8,329; families, 303,932; Sunday schools, members, 580,672; bunday schools, gain, 23,981; Sunday schools, wembers joined church, 14,074; Sunday schools, benevolent contributions, \$135,294; benevolent contributions of the churches, \$2,205,563; benevolent gain, \$110,078, of which for foreign missions, \$360,425; for education, \$140,532; for church building, \$113,672; for home missions, \$445,975; for A. M. A., \$137,666; for Sunday schools, \$24,79; for new West, \$45,817; for ministerial aid, \$112,705; for other objects, \$735,890; charitable legacies, paid, \$661,910; home expenditures decrease, \$100,091.

Putring Money Into a Good Work.

The Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate gives a full account of the contribution by Mrs. Bishop Warren of \$100,000 to found a school of bishop warren of \$100,000 to found a school of theology in connection with the Denver University, and of a further gift of \$50,000 from her son, W. S. Hiff, for the erection of a suitable building for the school. Such giving is worthy of all praise, and, besides founding a school of theology for the Central West, the example ought to be a stimulus for other loyal and wealthy Methodists to do as these have done.

Cherry Pectoral. Even in periods of that disease, the wonderfully relieved by this m

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pewith the best effect in my pra.
This wonderful preparation once my life. I had a constant cough, sweats, was greatly reduced in and given up by my physician, bottle and a half or the Pecteral, me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middi

"Several years ago I was sever The doctors said I was in consum and that they could do nothing I but advised me, as a last resort, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After this medicine two or three me was cured, and my health remain to the present day."—James Bir Darien, Conn.

Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

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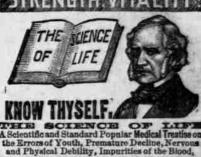
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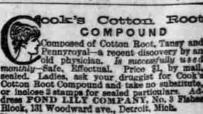
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